

HUNG TO A SAPLING

The Decomposed Remains of Adam Ginstertium

FOUND HANGING BY THE NECK

In Alpine Township Yesterday—He Quilt Working Four Weeks Ago and Came to a Sad End.

Yesterday morning the badly decomposed body of Adam Ginstertium was found hanging by the neck to a tree in a secluded ravine on Snider's farm on section 35 of Alpine township. C. H. C. Sead, Nicholas Krieser and Cornelius Vandalier were hunting for rabbits when they came across the body. Ginstertium had formerly worked for Eberhardt Cordes and had been living with him for the past two years, but had left him four weeks ago Saturday, since which time he had not been seen until the discovery made yesterday.

Cut Down the Body.

When the young men made their ghastly discovery they went immediately to the "North Star" hotel at Mill Creek and notified the jail. Deputy Sheriff Snyder and Coroner Penwarden went out immediately and cut down the body, which was brought to P. H. O'Brien's undertaking rooms. The tree to which the body was suspended was a small sapling scarcely three inches in diameter, and was growing on the bank of the ravine, the incline being very steep. It is supposed that Ginstertium, tied the rope, a piece of clothesline, around his neck, fastened the other end to the tree and stepped down a hill. The tongue was protruding, the body was frozen stiff and was badly decomposed, having probably been hanging for three or four weeks. When thawed out the odor arising was sickening. Near the body was a pint bottle about one-half full of whisky, but whether the other half pint was drunk to inspire courage or not is not known.

Found on His Person.

Ginstertium, who is about 45 years of age and a single man, is a member of the Arberite society and carries a life insurance in that association. No papers were found on his body, his pockets containing nothing but a pair of gloves and a cobble. Mr. Cordes stated that he had two brothers in Westphalia, who will be notified of the tragedy, and no disposition of the remains will be made until they are heard from.

SALVATIONISTS' BUSY DAY.

Five Meetings Held Yesterday Before Large Audiences.

The great annual celebration of the Salvation Army brought out a crowd at each of the five services held yesterday. The first service was held at 7 o'clock in the morning. It was called the sword sharpening. There were few present but the regular soldiers of the Grand Rapids corps. It was a prayer meeting, and the blessing of God was asked for the meetings to be held in the next few days.

At 10:45 an interesting meeting was held. The barracks on Pearl street would scarcely contain the throng which was in attendance. The subject of the meeting was "Sinner's Choice." Those who spoke gave their experiences in giving sacrifices to the Lord. One mother had been converted in the Salvation meetings and had prayed that her daughter might be saved. The Lord heard her prayer, but when once converted the daughter said she felt of usefulness in the army and joined it. The mother had found it a great hardship to say "Thy will be done," and to part from her daughter. Many others gave experiences of a similar nature.

Another meeting at 2:30 was just as largely attended as the morning meeting. A street parade was held, and the speeches were made in the open air in Campau square. A sort of free and easy meeting, at which every one talked, was held from 3:30 to 5 o'clock. At this meeting Mr. James Lowe and J. C. More occupied seats on the platform. The room was very prettily decorated, and a joyful meeting was held.

The evening meeting was a success and the plate held at the door by a lassie and guarded by the seven-foot color bear was pretty well filled. Some fifty gospel soldiers occupied the stage, many of whom related experiences of their conversion and life in the army which were interesting and at times pathetic. Major Cosens and staff are expected today and the hall-lujan will continue for three days.

City News in Brief.

"I received a check last Friday from Judge Russell of Hart," said Gen. L. G. Rutherford, "and I had to quit quite a while while it was for till I remembered we had made an election bond on New York. I told my wife I would make her a present of the money and then I went straight down to the Peninsular club and lost it out of my pocket. One of the employees at the club found it and now I guess I'll make it a special for tomorrow morning to get rid of it."

Superintendent of Public Works

Davis says that the council would

A New Process

The Lemon, the Orange, the Vanilla, contains more or less of a delicate flavoring substance, and the separation of this substance in a manner so as to retain all its freshness, sweetness and naturalness, requires the greatest experience and care.

DR. PRICE'S DELICIOUS FLAVORING EXTRACTS are prepared by a new process that gives to them the natural flavoring qualities, and are so concentrated that it requires but a small quantity to impart to a cake, pudding or cream, the delicate flavor of the fresh fruit. The leading chemists endorse their purity. The United States Government uses them.

only get to work this winter and discuss and order the improvements for next season. It would greatly facilitate the work. But such matters are left over almost entirely till the new council meets in May; consequently it is always laid over before the public works are anywhere near completed.

W. J. Colville of Boston lectured before the Grand Rapids Spiritual Association last night on "Indisputable Evidence of a Future." The lecture was really a treatise on right living, many of its points being essentially the same as those enunciated by Herbert Spencer in his "Data of Ethics."

C. W. Carman, professor of physical science in the high school, will resign this month to take a position with the new Grand Rapids Electric company, which is being organized by the stockholders of the Edison Electric company.

The remains of Marshal Peters, who died suddenly in a West side livery barn, and of Ed Smith, the Lake Shore brakeman who was run over by the cars, were laid to rest in Fair Plains yesterday.

The Grand Rapids Railroad Clerk's association will give an informal dancing party at its rooms in the Norris block, Wednesday evening, December 1st.

Winifred Barlow, the 8-year-old daughter of Herman G. Barlow of 279 Lyon street, died on Saturday morning of spinal meningitis.

The young people of the Universalist church will give the entertainment at the Ladies' Literary club house this evening.

Wallace Campbell of the Lick observatory, will visit Miss Bessie Thompson of this city, December 28.

Don M. Dickinson writes that he cannot accept the invitation to be "received" in Grand Rapids.

The annual meeting and election of officers of the Grand Rapids Guard, will be held this evening.

The social event of the season will be the St. Cecilia dancing party at the Warwick this evening.

Independent gospel meetings will be held every Friday evening in West Side Good Templar hall.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Andre, No. 131 Alpine avenue, a ten pound son.

The Art association's exhibit opens today and continues all the week.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kepler, No. 163 Second street, a son.

The annual meeting of the Y. M. C. A. will be held this evening.

A Delicate and Dangerous Treatment.

A certain cure for freckles is carbolic acid, and its effects are not only certain, but quick. The skin must first be washed thoroughly in warm water, and then dried with a soft towel. Each freckle, or bunch of them, must be dealt with separately. Stretch the skin with the fingers, and touch the freckle with a drop of pure carbolic acid. Allow this to dry on the skin, and in a few minutes it will burn and grow white. The skin thus burned will fall off in a week or so, and leave a new rose white skin in place of the freckle. To prevent burns from being very painful and from leaving a bad scar on the skin, the blisters formed should be pierced with a silk thread soaked in sublimate solution.

Leave the thread in position while the outside of the blister is covered with a 10 per cent solution of iodoform vaccine. Fresh saline should be applied daily, and no pain will be experienced, and severe contraction and wrinkling of the skin after the wound is healed will be prevented.—Yankee Blade.

The Effort of New York Organ Builders.

What the New York organ builders tell me most emphatically is that organs are now made in this country from an standpoint rather than a trade standpoint. They have given up trying to make little Gothic cathedrals of the organs, "Spend your money on the works," they tell their customers, "the plain case is the handsomest case." Most modern American organs have little or no woodwork above the feet of the front pipes.—Cor. New York Times.

Tennyson and America.

Tennyson was extremely eager to go to America, and touching this point a story is related to the effect that Barrow offered him an enormous sum to go there, though probably not as one of the attractions of the "greatest show on earth." "All you have to do," said Barrow, "is to stand on a platform and have your hands well shaken." The poet, however, declined the tempting offer.—Cor. Boston Herald.

No Meaning.

"What are you going to call your new paper?" asked the friend who had dropped in to see the aspiring young journalist.

"The Palladium," was the reply.

"That's a good name for a newspaper. By the way, what is the meaning of the word?"

"It means—hmm—it means—why, you know what a palladium is, don't you?"

"No. I'm asking for information."

"Well, that's a good one on you! Lived in a civilized community all your life and pretend you don't know what a palladium is!"

"I'm in earnest. What is it?"

"Why, a palladium is—Great Caesar! Look at that dog fight!"

"Saved!" bowed the young journalist, pointing on the dictionary the instant the door closed on his visitor's retreating form.—Chicago Tribune.

A Distinguished Family.

Stranger in Town—Sir, why don't you get your hair cut?

Sir—Cause when I get a little older I'm going to be a Cressian beauty. Father is the hair lifted beard, and mother is the Russian cork chewer, and I've got a fan which can swallow tobacco in her ear or into a true lover's knot.—Life.

Chaplin—Do you think Aggie could ever learn to love you?

Chawley—I guess so, if her dog should happen to die, and he should know that while I was there last night.—New York Herald.

HONOR TO THE DEAD

The Elks Commemorated Dead Brethren's Virtues.

ANNUAL LODGE OF SORROW

Was Held With Appropriate Ceremonies Yesterday—Eight Have Gone to the Undiscovered Rains.

In accordance with their annual custom all Elk lodges yesterday held their annual "Lodge of Sorrow," at which eulogies were pronounced upon those who have during the year been summoned before the Exalted Ruler of the Universe. The fifth annual Lodge of Sorrow of the Grand Rapids Lodge No. 48 B. P. O. E. was held yesterday afternoon in the Elk's hall, and was presided over by Exalted Ruler J. B. McInnes.

After the opening ceremonies of the Elk ritual for such occasions, the secretary read the names of the honored dead. They were as follows: C. H. Dyer, died December 27, 1899; George Gaffney, died December 28, 1899; J. M. Case, died June 29, 1899; Julius Houseman, died February 8, 1891; M. H. Ford, died April 20, 1891; F. M. Lawford, died August 5, 1891; John W. Farrell, died September 29, 1892.

Mr. Wessell's Eulogy.

After a prayer by Brother William Connor and a hymn by the Arion quartette, Brother Sybrand Wessell was introduced and delivered a general eulogy. He spoke of the beauty of the custom of cherishing the memory of the dead and recalling the legacy of good they had each left behind them.

It is our duty, he said, to bring back again the honored dead not to dwell too long upon the parting scene, to bring up again the flood of tears and the heart aches, but to recall the good deeds of those who have passed forever beyond the jeweled bars of midnight. The speaker told his hearers that it was within their province to make the service a personal one, remembering the honored teachings of a mother or the wise administration of a father, now gone beyond. In closing Mr. Wessell said: "The grim monster stands near us; let us so live that when the summons comes to die we can 'lay ourselves down to pleasant dreams.'"

Brother Schaefer's Address.

After another song by the quartette, Brother Andrew F. Schaefer pronounced an eloquent eulogy on the late John Farrell, who had been the only member to die during the last year. He said: "Let the faults of the deceased brother be written in the sand and his virtues on the tablets of love." He mentioned the honest upright life of the deceased and his charitable ways and his readiness to stretch out a helping hand to fallen humanity. He also alluded feelingly to the bereaved family and the deceased brother's cherished home and friends, which had been forever left behind.

DEATH'S SENSATIONS.

Although neither a physician nor a clergyman I wish to corroborate the views of the physicians contradicting Rev. Dr. Epworth under the heading, "What Is Death?" in your Sunday issue.

As a Federal soldier, May 31, 1863, I was one of those who fought against the surprise of General Johnston, at the time commander of the Confederate army, at Fair Oaks. The surprise was made at nighttime, while our boys were eating lunch. I remember one soldier being struck in a vital part and killed while leaning against a tree in the act of carrying a flask to his mouth, running after death in precisely the same position.

When I saw him standing there I mistook him for a live man, especially as he seemed to me intent only on eating his flask, but the illusion was dispelled when touching him, because as an officer I wanted him to join his comrades.

My own personal experience in the matter confirms the physicians' also. The 30th of April, 1863, a fire was raging in my factory in San Francisco. By some means I was about 150 feet from the main entrance in the burning building when, to my dismay, I beheld the five story wall topple over me through a skylight. Passively I lowered my head, thinking only of my coming death and wishing it would be swift. In less than a second thousands of bricks fell on me, sounding like a big drum beat on me, crushing me, then nothing, but when I came to my senses I was wedged in between heavy timbers, the upper part of my body only being free.

About a dozen men back of me was a stranger to me who had not received a scratch, but ascertaining that my leg was broken, and also my utter inability to save myself, he crawled over to me and attempted to pull me out of my terrible situation. But all his efforts only increased my suffering, and as I saw the flames come up I entreated him to leave me to my fate and try to save himself. Finally he crawled away, promising, however, to return with help and axes. I must have been bewildered, for no act of my past life came to my memory, but suddenly thinking of my small, motherless children I shouted for help, whistling at intervals through my fingers.

Some firemen must have heard, for presently there were several streams of water poured on me. I then realized my danger yet I, who had never gone into a battle without a pang, felt none whatever while in that deathtrap. The water and smoke combined must have asphyxiated me, for when my stranger returned leading a brave party of firemen and policemen I laid as one dead.

Believing me dead, and being in a very dangerous position, they cut away part of the timbers and rubble and safely passed me over the debris in the street. A deafening shout from an immense throng which had witnessed the gallant rescue, streams of cold water and fresh air revived me, and I begged of them to be careful with my limbs, which were dangling from my body.

After many weeks of suffering the physicians decided to break my leg again, but being unable to do it well while I had my senses they decided to chloroform me. Being subject to heart disease I objected, but the matter being urgent I finally consented to take the anesthetic. Fully convinced, however, that I should die under its influence, but knowing that either way I would have to die, I agreed to take the only chance of life I had and laid myself resignedly on my back; yet, although convinced that my last hour had come, I had not the slightest recollection of my sufferings.

As I heard the physicians' whispers gradually lost in the distance I was only wondering what would come next. I recovered, however, but, breaking my leg a third time on account of some adhesions in my knee, it was decided that I should undergo another operation, which necessitated the use of "anesthetics" again. This time the physicians thought I was a goner sure, for it took them nearly two hours to revive me; yet, although certain of my last hour, and in neither case did I fear death when I had squarely to face it.

In each instance the passing away was painless, while in the first suffocation case almost unconsciously, while almost the same sensation came in the other cases. In the case of the soldier at Fair Oaks (Seven Pines) a certain time must have elapsed between his decease and my notice of him, yet heaven or hades did not seem to bother him; his flapsack seemed to be what he wanted—his eyes were on it and his mouth was open ready to receive it. In my own case I could claim to have died three times within a year, yet I do not think I had any other but a sensation of rest.

Dr. Epworth, in his assertion also that either a look of horror or beatitude overcomes a deceased person's face, seems to forget that the Scriptures teach us that the soul leaves our terrestrial envelope at once on dissolution; hence the body cannot show what reception the soul had on the other side of the Styx.—An Interested Reader in New York Press.

Louis Philippe and the Queen.

Louis Philippe and Queen Victoria were once walking in the garden at En, when he offered her a peach. The queen seemed rather embarrassed how to skin it, when Louis Philippe took a large claspknife from his pocket. "When a man has been a poor devil like myself," he said, "obliged to live on forty sous a day, he always carries a knife. I might have dispensed with it for the last few years. Still I do not wish to lose the habit; one does not know what may happen."—San Francisco Argonaut.

SHORT AND TO THE POINT.

Will be the Addresses to the Sunday School Union.

The program arranged for the second public meeting of the Grand Rapids Sunday School Union at Westminster Presbyterian church this evening is as follows:

7:30—Devotional.

Business.

Progress of our union, A. S. Musselman.

Statistics—State convention, E. K. Mohr.

Primary work, Mrs. C. W. Armstrong.

Home class work, W. R. Fox.

Song.

Normal work, F. E. Smith.

The Holy Spirit in our work, Mrs. M. Hopkins.

Rally day, Charles M. Alden.

Song.

Five minute addresses on—

Convention benefits to the church, Rev. E. Winter, D. D.

Convention benefits to the school, Mr. G. C. Shepard.

Convention benefits to the pastor, Rev. G. A. Pollard.

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